

YOUNGEST KLONDYKER IN THE DIGGINGS.

THE youngest prospector in the Klondyke is three-year-old Mae Carr, who has just been taken there from the California gold fields. This little girl is not one of those who



Little Mae Carr, the Klondyke's Baby Prospector.

came on the tidal wave of the late gold craze, but she has lived there all the three years of her life. Her father is engaged in business up there, and so is Mae for that matter.

Almost from the time Mae was able to walk she has been hunting gold. Before Mae was two and a half years old she was a full-fledged prospector, and used a tin plate for panning out. She seemed to play into remarkable luck, and never went out without finding something.

It is an odd sight to see the bright child, with a wealth of golden hair falling about her shoulders, working along the streams. She is a most pronounced new woman in her dress. No skirts for her. Not much. A pair of brown overalls proves much more convenient and practical. And she surely looks much cuter in them than she would in an ordinary frock. In the Klondyke creeks she will be notable.

At first Mae used to work around her home, but as she grew older, she went further and farther away, until at present she works up in the most lonely canyons, and says she is not a bit afraid.

Taking her pans under her arms she starts out. At present she is using an iron frying pan, with the handle broken off, as the old-time tin pan is now too small. The first gravel she comes to she gives a test, and if no "color" shows, she finds another. This way she continues until it is time to go home to dinner, and when she does, be sure she takes a first class appetite with her.

Perhaps you think she has never found any gold. If you think so, just ask her to show you the little bottle of dust and nuggets that her mother is taking care of for her.

BISMARCK WITH ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE.

The Great Chancellor's Latest Portrait Shows Him to Be Aging Fast, and He Is No Longer a "Man of Blood and Iron."

THE King of Siam, Chulalongkorn II., who has been touring through Europe, arrived at Friedrichsruh on September 2 and visited Prince Bismarck. He was received as became his royal station and escorted to the palace of the former Chancellor by Count von Hantzen, the latter's son-in-law.

Once within the palace walls, dinner was served and the two distinguished men discussed affairs of state. Finally they adjourned to a veranda in front of the palace, and there were photographed, the picture thus taken being reproduced herewith. The picture is one of the best the great Chancellor has ever had taken and is characteristic. It shows that he has grown old since putting aside the burdens of office, has this man of blood and iron, and that, while blood still remains, the iron seems to have gone, for he is a very old man now.

The gigantic figure which so often overshadowed his King and Emperor is shrunken and wasted. The once mighty frame is bent and aged. The Bismarck of to-day is a shadow of the Bismarck who made the German Empire.

The eyelids droop, as if hurt by the light. The deep lines of the face are deeper than ever. The hand clutches convulsively at his stick. It is an old man who stands beside the King of Siam.

The whole picture conveys the impression that Prince Bismarck has not long to live—that he is on the brink of a world where diplomats are unknown and where the ingratitude of sovereigns is not.

Recent advices from Germany indicate that Bismarck is on the decline, and that even the massive brain that once swayed nations and made and unmade them is no longer itself. Utterances to which he has lately given vent seem to corroborate this assertion, for they have been petulant and even childish.

But, be that as it may, Germany, aside from the court clique which surrounds the Emperor, still adores the man who united Germany, and when his call shall come will mourn him sincerely and deeply.

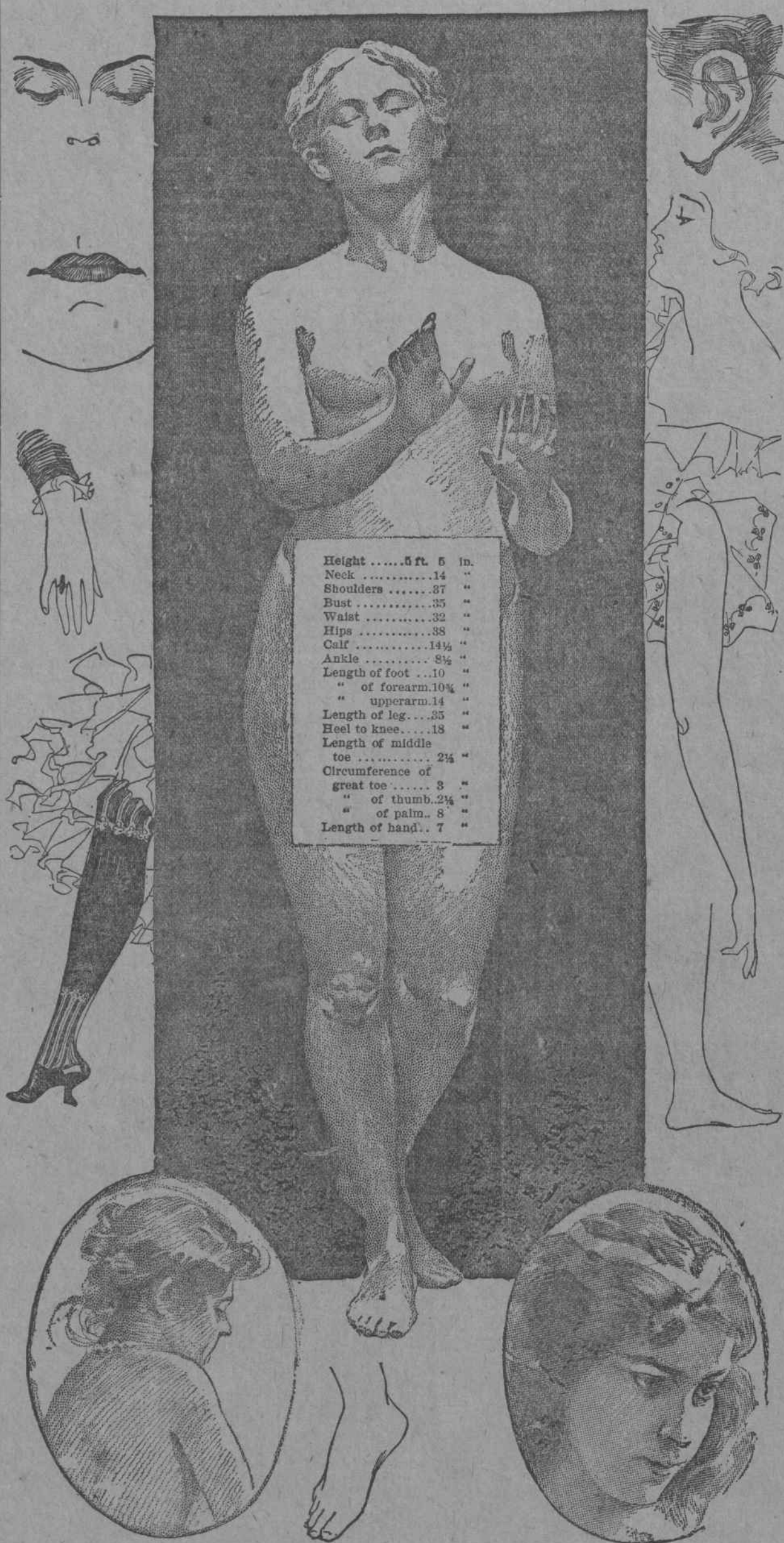


Bismarck at Friedrichsruh with the King of Siam—The Iron Chancellor's Latest Photograph.

A PERFECT AMERICAN WOMAN.

Sculptor Lindstrom's Beautiful Statue "Light," for Which Fourteen Lovely Women Posed, Each for a Different Part.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE COMPONENT PARTS?



Height	5 ft. 6 in.
Neck	14 "
Shoulders	37 "
Bust	35 "
Waist	32 "
Hips	38 "
Calf	14 1/2 "
Ankle	8 1/2 "
Length of foot	10 "
" of forearm	10 1/2 "
" upper arm	14 "
Length of leg	35 "
Heel to knee	18 "
Length of middle toe	2 1/2 "
Circumference of great toe	3 "
" of thumb	2 1/4 "
" of palm	8 "
Length of hand	7 "

HERE is a statue that may be called perfect, according to artistic ideas of American womanhood. It took fourteen beautiful models to pose for its various proportions, and every one of them was an American girl.

Therefore Sculptor Lindstrom's statue may be called American from head to toe. Ten of the fourteen models whom Mr. Lindstrom posed were women who are well known in society. Some of them posed for the hands, others for the feet, others for the nose, neck, hair, arms and other portions of the human figure.

The result is a composite statue of a purely American figure. Mr. Lindstrom will not divulge the names of many of his models. He procured them by personal application through various sources, and he cannot be induced to announce their identity. Possibly society may recognize them in Mr. Lindstrom's marble. Who knows?

It is not often that so many models are called in to complete one statue, but in this case Mr. Lindstrom was determined to get the true proportions, and wherever one model was deficient, even in the turn of a toe or the length of a finger, he would call for another one.

The figure has been named "Light" by the sculptor, though the appropriateness of the name may be questioned. "Darkness" would more nearly fit the mark.

No matter by what name the statue may be called, however, it is certainly a beautiful one. The greater part of the figure was posed for by Miss Leonore Harris, an actress.

She posed for the sculptor for 100 hours before he changed to another model. Miss Davis posed for the lower limbs, and Miss Helen Longstreet for the back.

Other models were used for the hips, and gradually the representation of the perfect American female figure was evolved.

You may read the proportions of the statue and make your calculations accordingly. If you are a man you may be able to estimate in some degree the physical perfections and imperfections of your fiancée.

If you are a woman you will no doubt retort to the ennetty of your bondair and do some measuring on your own account.

"Light" is sure to create a sensation when it is exhibited publicly at the annual exhibition of the American National Sculptors' Society.

Remarkable Effects of a Lightning Stroke.

A most remarkable example of the terrible effects of a lightning stroke is described in the London Graphic. Major Jameson, formerly of the Scottish Rifles, accompanied by his father and mother, went into a meadow to pick mushrooms. Major Jameson was some distance in front, and there was a single clap of thunder and flash of lightning which frightened Mrs. Jameson, and she and her husband went into a wood and returned to the house, expecting that Major Jameson would follow.

About half an hour later Major Jameson was found by a gamekeeper, lying on his face in the field quite dead. Around him,

in a radius of several yards, were his clothes and boots, which had been torn and scattered about in an extraordinary manner. The lightning appeared to have struck Major Jameson on the right side of the head, tearing the cap he was wearing to pieces, and burning his hair off. It then passed inside his collar, down the front of his body and both legs into his boots, which were torn to atoms, and then passed into the ground, tearing a hole about eighteen inches in circumference and three inches deep.

The deceased man's collar was torn into a hundred pieces, none larger than a sixpence, the front of his shirt was rent into ribbons, the jacket and undercoat literally torn to shreds, and the knickerbockers he was wearing were stripped off and scattered on the ground. Major Jameson's stockings and garters were similarly torn in pieces, and on the boots the lightning had a remarkable effect.

Silver Treasure Recovered from Ocean's Depths.

The latest successful achievement in deep sea diving is the recovery of a remarkable cargo and bar silver valued at \$45,000, sunk at a depth of thirty fathoms off Cape Finisterre, in April, 1891. The steamship Skyrø, from Carthagena for London, went down at a point two miles off that coast.

An expedition went out in the same year, but was unable to secure the treasure, and the vessel, with her valuable cargo, remained untouched. Last year another determined effort was made with more powerful diving apparatus, and resulted in fifty-nine bars being recovered.

SMALLEST BICYCLIST IN THE WORLD.

THIS is the smallest bicycle rider in the world and also the smallest machine. The boy's name is Harry W. Slining, and he hails from Chicago. He is sixteen months old and is a bright little fellow.

His wheel is as remarkable as he, weighing only five and a half pounds. The height of the frame is seven and one-half inches. The diameter of the wheels is ten inches. The youngster began to ride about three months ago and became very proficient. He is rather reckless, and for that reason is always accompanied by an adult. He has ridden as far as five miles without dismounting, and never seems to get tired.

There are many other children who are expert bicyclists, but none as young as this one. Wheeling has come to be recognized as a most healthful exercise for children, as well as for adults, and doctors are recommending it for many childish ailments.

The two Curtis Sisters, aged fifteen and sixteen years respectively, recently made a century run, but this kind of violent exercise is frowned upon by physicians. It saps the vitality of the child not yet fully developed and is productive of nervous exhaustion.

It is a common sight on the Boulevard to see a dozen youngsters riding up and down the smooth

thoroughfare, dodging wagons and other riders as cleverly as their elders. Years ago the baby of that time delighted in the



Little Harry Slining, Sixteen Months Old, the Only Baby Bicyclist.

DEATH LURKS IN PET DOGS' KISSES.

A Very Bad Habit Which Often Leads to All Sorts of Malignant Disease, Especially at This Season of the Year.

Don't kiss your dog, no matter how dear he or she may be to you! Aside from the fact that it is a nasty habit, there is grave danger to the human being from all sorts of microbes and germs, which are fonder of the human being than of the dog. This has been amply proven by scientists, and even the Board of Health.

As a matter of fact the latter body has several well authenticated cases of diphtheria contracted from dogs on its records. Diseases of all kinds lurk upon the lips and body of the dog. A dog will wander about, even though of high pedigree, and in the course of his journeys will make the acquaintance of dogs of lesser degree. From them he will gather microbes as well as fleas.

Then he will return home to his fond mistress to distribute his collection indiscriminately. Then his mistress will pick him up in her arms and will hug and kiss him. Typhoid, diphtheria, cancer and diseases too horrible to mention may result from the caress.

Physicians have repeatedly warned against the habit of kissing dogs, but seemingly to little purpose. Every day the papers chronicle cases where some disease has mysteriously appeared and where the source of contagion is unknown. In nine out of every ten such cases, dog kissing is to blame.

But leaving aside the possibility of danger from disease entirely, the habit should be stopped by all self-respecting women, for what man would care to kiss them, knowing that they had previously defiled their lips kissing a dog?

No matter how clean a dog may be, no matter how great a favorite, it should never, no matter what the temptation, be kissed. Fondle it all you please—pet it to your heart's content—feed it on dainties until its little inside is tied in double bowknots, but don't kiss it.

And then, too, the dog might contract some dangerous illness from its mistress. Dogs are just as prone to diphtheria as a human being for that reason should be treated with care. Promiscuous kissing is, anyway, a matter of bad taste, but when it degenerates into osculation with a dog it becomes unnice to say the least.



Don't Kiss Your Pet Dog—It's a Dangerous Habit, Say the Doctors, and May Lead to Disease.